

this, and try to create such a spirit of earnestness and enthusiasm in the school room that there will be no need of resorting to such cheap practices to preserve order and enforce obedience.

"The REVIEW is indispensable to me," says one teacher; "It is suggestive and helpful to me," says another; "It is admirable for its suggestiveness," says one. "Often has one article given a direction to my teaching which produced the most gratifying results." But then comes this startling admission: "The REVIEW is entirely too far advanced for me." Well, we are going to advance it still further and make it still more helpful to the industrious and plucky teachers. If you persist in being a wall-flower, it will not be the fault of the REVIEW.

### Two Schools.

Last term the board of education at H—— granted their principal, Mr. Clayton, leave of absence to visit schools in other cities. One morning he dropped into a publishing house in one of the largest cities in the country and asked to be directed to the nearest public school.

After a short time he entered a rather common looking structure that contained about sixteen school-rooms. The principal was not in his office, so Mr. Clayton stepped into a room of fifth-grade pupils. He was greeted in rather surly tones by the young lady teacher, who was sitting at a desk, and he was told he might take a chair if he wanted to. He obeyed with all meekness, and the tragedy began. Such ruthless slaughter of child life had rarely occurred since the days of Herod the Great. The young lady actually clenched her fists and gritted her teeth as she hurled the verbal instruments of destruction at the defenceless children under her charge.

"Yes, you read all right; but how many thousands of times must I tell you to stand up straight? You'll get zero."

"Mary, for heaven's sake, let me hear you do something more than mew like a kitten when you read."

"James, you're blabbing again. You'll get zero for the whole day's work."

"Didn't I tell you to keep on writing your lessons? Report after school for misconduct."

"Cora, in pity's name, don't sit there as if you were dead."

"Charles, distribute the paper, and don't be all day about it, either. Don't move like a snail."

"This whole class has not done as well in reading as it should. Every pupil in this class will get zero for this lesson. If you don't do better to-morrow, I'll give you all zero for the whole week's work in all studies.

Shut your books. Charles, go to the blackboard and erase that grammar work, and, for goodness sake, walk so that I can see you move. Martha, you have more books on your desk than ten pupils ought to have. Charles, I said 'erase that grammar work.' I didn't tell you to stand at the board like a stick. Stop! stop! don't you dare to touch that next blackboard! Here, what are you writing your name for? I know your name, and that's enough. Take your seat, and report after school for misconduct. George, I'll hit you with this book if you don't shut up," etc., etc.

The pupils were mannerly, and many of them had read very creditably indeed. The girls, especially, were pleasant, obedient, gentle, earnest-looking pupils.

Mr. Clayton's heart was sad when he thought of these poor children, buffeted about hour after hour, and day after day by this termagant, not a word of commendation or encouragement; nothing but withering, blighting criticisms, nine-tenths of which were entirely unjust. If this was the way "work" was conducted when a visitor was present, how was it at other times?

### THE OTHER SCHOOL.

Mr. Clayton decided to spend another day in the same city. This time he made inquiries for one of the best schools in the city, and was directed by several well-informed gentlemen to one that had attained a wide reputation.

The principal, a lady, was very glad to see him, and welcomed him most cordially. On the way to her office he noticed the display of work in sewing, paper folding, and drawing that lined the hallway, in beautiful cases. The office was small, but everything was arranged with refreshing system and neatness. After a few minutes of general conversation, Mr. Clayton was conducted to the highest grade (the fourth), to witness a recitation in geography.

Space would not permit a detailed account of the work seen that day. It seemed as if every teacher in the building had been born to her work. The utmost order prevailed in every room, and yet not one unkind or cutting remark was heard anywhere. "I do not allow any scolding whatever," said the principal. The sympathy between principal, teachers and pupils seemed to be perfect. Enthusiasm was written in the features of every teacher, and of the pupils as a whole. They were all busy. They seemed delighted to work; and when a six-year-old boy was given the privilege of standing up before the whole school, and in the presence of Mr. Clayton and the principal, of telling the story of the three bears, he fairly bubbled over with the pleasurable excitement of the occasion, and he held the closest attention of all.